[7.]

AGRIPPA

KING of *ALBA*:

OR, THE

False Tiberinus.

As it was several times Acted with great Applause before his Grace the Duke of *Ormond* then Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, at the Theatre Royal in *Dublin*.

From the French *of Monsieur* QUINAULT.

LONDON:

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TO THE

Right Honourable, the Lady

Mary Cavendiſh

Daughter to

The moſt Illuſtrious Prince *JAMES*,

Duke of *Ormond*, &c.

May it pleaſe your Ladyſhip,

WHat your moſt Illuſtrious Father has often ſeen (and as I have a little reaſon to hope, not without ſome delight) upon the Stage in Ireland, *I have adventured to expoſe to the Preſs in* England, *and caſt under your Ladyſhips protection: Not that I dare imagine the Thing of that worth to deſerve ſo Noble a Patroneſs, and therefore confeſs it a very high preſumption; Yet having had the honour to be long a Servant to your Illuſtrious Family, and been made ſo abundantly ſenſible of their goodneſs and clemency, I can no way doubt but ſo Excellent a Branch of it muſt needs be ſupplyed with thoſe Vertues in a proportion capable of pardoning much greater Crimes.*

I know Madam, that this Play in it ſelf is not at all calculated to the humour of the preſent times, the Subject being too grave, and the Lines too modeſt; nor is it (to ſpeak Modiſhly) ſhowiſh enough. Yet what makes it unfit for others, adapts it the more for your view, whoſe Vertues are ſo great, and whoſe Judgment ſo clear, that as the firſt ſway you againſt the preſent humour which delights the World, ſo the laſt defends you from being carried away only with vanity and ſhow.

And the aſſurance I have of this, gives me the confidence to add, That the contrivance (though it be but one ſingle Plot) is ſo neat and curious, and the conteſt between Love and Nature maintained every where to that height, that I cannot doubt but you will find ſome Divertiſement in it, ſo far as Monſieur Quinault, *whoſe it was in the Original, had a part in it: and as for the Engliſh it ſpeaks, I muſt wholly leave to your Ladyſhips Judgment: with the ſame ſubmiſſion that I ſubſcribe my ſelf*

Madam,

Your Ladyſhips moſt humble
and moſt obedient Servant,

J. D.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

As young and ſpotleſs Virgins who appear
Cloyſtred in modeſty and cloath'd with fear:
Who bluſh at hearing of a Man but named,
And think they're by one wanton word defam'd,
The more they curb their blood and check deſire,
The more their Veins boil with a ſecret fire:
Which with ſuch heat do's Honours Fort aſſail,
The Tyrant Nature muſt at length prevail.
Love do's alas! their tender breſts invade,
And by themſelves they are themſelves betray'd.
Forgetful grown at once of fear and ſhame,
Their former coyneſs do's increaſe their blame.
So though our Poet all his powers oppos'd,
And ſeem'd unwilling to become expos'd,
Struggled with doubts, was fearful to be ſtung
With the lewd touch of every Critick tongue;
Yet the fierce humour did ſo faſt encroach,
He's falln at laſt into a French debauch.
Juſt in the nick of time, when you decry
That Nations Wit, and damn their Poetry.
What way is there now left him to prevent
The ſmart of doom your Cenſures can invent?
He knows too well you cant with Plays diſpence
That have no Ornament but Plot and Senſe:
That every little Scene that is not full
Of Gaiety does look impotent and dull:
Therefore lays all the blame on Fruities ſcore,
Hopes you'l pardon one ne'r ſin'd before.
And have conſider, to oblige you to't,
Twas hopes to pleaſe made him turn profeſſor.

The

The Names of the Actors.

LAvinia, *A Princeſs of the blood Royal of* Alba.

Albina, *Daughter of* Tyrhenus, *and Siſter of* Agrippa.

Camilla, *Confident to* Lavinia.

Julia, *The ſame to* Albina.

Mezentius, *Nephew to* Tiberinus, *and Heir to the Crown.*

Fauſtus, *Friend to* Mezentius.

Tyrhenus, *A Prince of* Æneas's *blood, Father to* Agrippa *and* Albina.

Agrippa, *Son of* Tyrhenus, *reigning under the reſemblance, and aſſuming the Name of* Tiberinus *King of* Alba.

Lauſus, Atis, } *Officers to* Agrippa.

Guards. Train.

The Scene in the Palace of the Kings of Alba, *in the Princeſs* Lavinia's *Apartment.*

AGRIP-

AGRIPPA:

OR,

THE FALSE Tiberinus.

Act The First.

SCENE I.

Lavinia, *Albina*, *Camilla*, *Julia*.

Lavinia.

YOur Griefs with mine ſuch weak reſemblance bear,
That they, *Albina*, ſcarce deſerve a Tear.

Alb.] You to my ſorrows the due ſence deny,
If you think yours can be more juſt or high.
Lav.] For brave *Agrippa*, murdered, you may claim
A Siſters grief; I have a Lovers flame.
Alb.] By my ſole Brothers loſs my ſufferings are
More cruel, that they are without repair.
You to your Mournings juſtly may give end:
The Prince for you a paſſion does pretend;
And thoſe bright Eyes make you the Miſtriſs known
Of many Loves. My Brother was but one.
Lav.] I many had, e're by the Tyrant croſt;
But lov'd but one *Albina*, and he's loſt. —
—The King before that he your Brother ſlew,
Studied to pleaſe, and talk't of Love to you;
And now your duty do's oblige your hate.
A Brothers loſs may'nt all your griefs create.
Alb.] Suſpect me not of crimes ſo poor and baſe,
That murder, in my heart left him no place;
And ſullied with our Blood, he do's appear
Too horrible to have Dominion there.
Since now the Tyrant to theſe Courts returned,
My heart with a renewing rage has burned:
And though juſt anger may oppreſs your mind,
Compar'd with mine, your Troubles are but kind.
Tis now a year ſince my dear Brother's dead:
You may be comforted, and Cuſtome plead.
Lav.] Speak for your ſelf: I find a Lovers loſs
Is than a Brothers much the weightyer Croſs.
The Charms of Love more tender are than thoſe
Which Nature do's within our Breſts diſpoſe:
Thoſe Tranſports of Our blood their Limits have
In grief, which ſeldome travels paſt the Grave.
Who has no Brother, can no Siſter bee;
Nature is ſtopt, and Reaſon ſets you free:
But Love! which from ſome heavenly fire takes birth,
Preſerves its flame ſtill, though the Lover's Earth.

Alb.]

Alb.] But to augment, and raise my passion higher,
My Interest with my Nature do's conspire.
Alas! My Brother did not only dye,
But all the hopes of Our poor Family:
We from the antient *Alban* Kings descend,
Though too far off advantage to pretend;
You touch the Throne, and Fortune once may prove
A Salve to all these Rigours of your Love.

Lav.] Whilst Love not Fortune tryumphs in my Breast,
Crowns will not quiet, but disturb my Rest:
For since all that on Earth I lov'd lyes slain,
Pomp must be grievous, and a Scepter pain.
After *Mezentius*, and this *Tiberine*,
'Tis true, the Crown is by my Birthright mine.
But he who now that high degree makes good,
Sullyes by Crimes his Scepter, and our Blood;
His faults have all *Æneas* actions stain'd,
And lost those glorys *Alba* once had gain'd.
Agrippa's Murder, who by him did fall,
As 'twas his last, so 'twas his greatest of all:
A Prince of his own blood, in whom there shone
That Loyal Zeal, that did support his Throne;
And yet before his wretched Fathers eyes
Stab'd by that Tyrants hand, this Heroe dyes;
Guilty of no Offence, no other Sin,
But that he did too much resemble him.
A Crime so bloody, it has banish'd quite
All that o'er me he could pretend of right.
All due respects to him I've from me thrown,
And neither Kindred nor Allegiance own;
And 'tis but just that Murderer should prove
The due resentments of incensed Love.
But who comes there?

Alb.] Farewel, It is the Prince,
Whose love to you I'm sure will with me hence.

SCENE II.

Lavinia, Mezentius, Fauſtus, Camilla.

Lav.] You ſee the Fruits of all your cares for me;
When you approach, thoſe I delight in, flee.
Mez.] If twere for me *Albina* left the place,
I did an object of your ſorrows chace.
Lav.] That Tyrant's Nephew cauſes all my grief,
Sure then can vainly hope to bring relief.
Mez.] Princeſs, you too ſeverely make him bear
The puniſhment had in the crime no ſhare.
Had I with my own hands your Lover ſlain,
Could you have treated me with more diſdain?
Lav.] And tell me, how I may be well aſſur'd,
Twas not your Jealouſie, his death procur'd.
The King againſt him had no cauſe at all;
His Arm might borrow'd be to act his fall.
But I muſt doubt, leſt my *Agrippa* prove
A Sacrifice to yours, his Rivals love.
Mez.] The King at large too often has declar'd,
That he the greatneſs of your Lover fear'd:
That having rais'd him to ſo vaſt a height,
Might make him cruſh the Scepter with his weight,
Before fit time ſhould give him leave to do
What their reſemblance well might prompt him to.
He by removing him, pull'd out thoſe ſtings
Which fret and gall the breſts of jealous Kings.
For Nature had their ſeveral forms contriv'd
So exactly like, as cannot be believ'd:
My neer Allyance ſcarce could make me know
To which of them I did Allegiance owe.

[*Lav.*]

Lav.] 'Tis certain Nature did in them forget
Those different stamps she on her works do's set;
For she had form'd their bodies so the same,
As if they had been Moulded in one Frame.
But that Distinction which we could not find
I'th' outward man, was blazon'd in the mind.
And Nature though she had forgetful been
To speak without, had wrote at large within.
Agrippa had a Soul, as great and high
As is the Tyrant's full of Treachery.
And from that dissimilitude was found
I'th' inward man, my Love receiv'd his Wound.

Mez.] Your Anger's just, and your resentment brave:
The King himself appears a fence to have
Of's fault to you: For when we first did meet,
Scarce did he me with due Embraces greet,
But ask'd for you: and I could scarcely breath
Your ceaseless Sorrows for *Agrippa*'s death,
But his Concern'd by his paleness knew.
At last he said, he'd see and comfort you.

Lav.] Oh Heav'ns! That is the worst that I could fear.
Dares that Wild Tyrant in my sight appear,
And to those Horrours I conceiv'd before,
Bring his hand purpl'd in that precious Gore?

Mez.] To gratify your hate in his first sight,
A Fatal Dart upon that hand did light;
By which the Destinyes did let him know
What injur'd you, could not unpunish'd go.

Lav.] The Gods, who still revenge the Innocent,
Have That, an earnest of your Vengeance sent:
They pierc'd his hand, but only made that Dart
Fore-run the Thunder that must pierce his heart;
Even you, who in his barbarous thoughts delight,
Whom Crimes do more to him, than blood unite,
May fear the Gods, lest they in anger do
Extend their Vengeance and their Darts to you.

But

But faithleſs man, your glory in your Ill.

Alz.] If I were faithleſs, I am not ſo ſtill;
I am convinc'd; Your beautyes make me know,
That to Divinities we Incenſe owe:
Your powerful Charms do with ſuch luſtre ſhine,
They force belief there muſt be powers Divine.
For had I doubted all our Gods were lyes,
I had become a Convert from thoſe eyes:
At leaſt, if all the reſt I ſhould diſown,
Yet love in them, would make his power be known.

Lav.] You plead in vain, Prince, for *Agrippa*'s ſlain:
All thoughts of Love will but increaſe my pain.
Nature in his Compoſure took ſuch care,
She fixt all could allure or charm me there:
Which Love improving, did create a flame,
To which a conſtant Votareſs I became.
We once owe Love our hearts in Sacrifice,
And twould be Tyranny to ask them twice.

Mez.] Ah Princeſs! this is too much cruelty.
I cannot doubt your Love to him, whilſt I
Am that ſad Object of your rigour made,
That from your breaſt I'm baniſh'd by his ſhade.
Why with my Love, ſhould you increaſe your hate?

Lav.] Ceaſe then to Love.

Mez.] 'Tis not within my Fate.
Rather your Indignation ſtill proclaim,
Than once command me to deſiſt my flame.
For though thoſe eyes with death ſhould wound my heart,
They'd yet yeild pleaſure to exceed the ſmart.
To different ends we were by Fate deſign'd;
I born to Love, and you to be unkind.
But ſee, Alas! You from me turn your eyes,
And weary of my ſight, my Sighs deſpiſe.

Lav.] Behold the wretched Father of my Love,
Whoſe ſteps (as wing'd with haſte or wonder) move!

SCENE III.

SCENE III.

Tyrhenus, Lavinia, Mezentius, Faustus, Camilla.

Tyrhenus.] I beg your pardon Sir, if I seem rude;
Business of weight do's make me thus intrude:
I to the Princess fatal Tydings bring,
That instantly she must expect the King.

Lavinia to *Mezentius.*

Now Prince, if of my griefs you have a sence,
Be you against this Torment my defence:
And by some Art endeavour to prevent
That sight will prove so great a punishment.

Mezentius.] I know so well what to my Love is due,
That my desires are wing'd to pleasure you.

SCENE IV.

Tyrhenus, Lavinia, Camilla.

Tyr.] The Prince in vain do's his Obedience show:
I too well, Madam, do the Tyrant know.
His perverse Soul in its desire persists,
And will grow furious against what resists.
You by retirement better may defend
You from his sight; unless he do's intend
A force; which yet I think he dares not do:
He fears the People, whom he knows love you.

Lav.] But then for you.

Tyr.] Alas! what can I doubt?
The choycest of my blood he has lett out.

That

That which remains is ſcarcely worth my care:
And I am too unhappy now to fear.
I'd let him know who 'twas he did deſtroy:
But---here he comes---pray Madam now withdraw.

SCENE V.

Agrippa, under the Name of *Tiberinus* King of *Alba*; *Mezentius*, *Fauſtus*, *Lauſus*, *Atis*, and *Tyhrenus*.

Agrippa to *Mezenzius*.

Urge me no more, the Princeſs I will ſee. { *Mezentius retires.*

To *Lauſus*.

Go you, take order all things fitted be,
That we may render to the Gods due Grace
For having by my Cares reſtor'd our Peace.

To *Atis*.

All elſe depart----Let none come in before
That I return.----How, have they ſhut the door?
Tyrh.] Yes Sir, and tis by my Advice 'tis done.
Agrip.] Father!
Tyrh.] I ſcarcely know thee for my Son:
But we're alone, and may diſcourſe at large;
Seek'ſt thou *Lavinia* 'gainſt my expreſs Charge?
Receiv'ſt thou not the Scepter from my hand,
That thou ſo ſoon forget'ſt my ſtrict Command?
Or doſt thou not remember that by me
'Tis thou enjoy'ſt this Soveraign Dignity?
That I have thee to all this greatneſs brought?
Agrip.] I have forgot nothing of what I ought;
Now (to preſerve the Frontire Towns from Waſt,)
When *Tiberinus* to his Camp made haſt,

Having

Having but Us, and three more in his Train,
Passing the *Albula*, then swoln with Rain,
Its Streams did with such fury him invade,
That there he perish'd, maugre all our aid.
There you that Scepter gave, which now I hold,
And from our neer resemblance, made me bold
To personate the King; and did entice
His Followers to joyn in our device.
And whilst I under his assumed Name,
With their Aids, Master of the Camp became.
You hither Tydings of my Death did bring,
And with my Murther did accuse the King.

Tyrr.] But when to keep this our Contrivance close,
I things in such good order did dispose,
To sum up all, this strict Command I gave,
(Your Empire, your Life, and mine to save)
That you your power should 'gainst your passion prove,
And study to forget *Lavinia's* Love.
And yet no sooner do you here return,
But I behold you with fresh Passions burn;
And for your Love, that desperate hazard run,
It must the ruine of your power become.
For whilst you think to act a Lovers part,
In the Kings face, you'll show *Agrippa's* Heart.
You on the Throne should strive to quench this Flame,
And in your Soul, should now begin to reign.
Be King indeed, and know how to suppress-----

Agrip.] To be a King Sir, must one love the less?
Swaying a Scepter, must I sence disown?
Or can you think Love mounts not to the Throne?
That Kings unto this God do nothing owe,
Or that all Empires unto him don't bow?

Tyrr.] That fondling Love, and its Chimæra's are
Toys fit for breasts exempt from Nobler care.
To Soveraign power it too much weakness brings;
For greatness should be the sole love of Kings.

Diſclaim your Error then, and do, my Son,
What *Tiberius* would himſelf have done.

Agrip.] He lov'd my Siſter; ſhould I do ſo too,
And an inceſtuous Marriage-Bed purſue?

Tyrh.] No; Other Crimes I ſhould in thee deteſt,
Only admit Ambition in your breſt:
For Scepters good, ſhould be by Great o're-ſway'd;
A Crown alone, could make me thus perſwade.

Agrip.] Can't this Ambition with my Flame diſpence?
Lavinia, Sir, has charmed all my Sence.
Let then my Scepter to her Love appeal.
What if I ſhould the whole to her reveal?

Tyrh.] She's young, a Woman, and her talk may harm.
Truſt you to me, all elſe do's me alarm.
And juſt cauſe of Suſpition I find,
Both from the Princeſs Love, and your own Mind.
Lovers are bold, and Love is indiſcreet;
Nature's more cloſe, and for theſe cares more meet.
For though *Lavinia* ſilence knew, ſhe may
When ſhe knows you, her Love to you betray.
And then to all the world it would appear,
That you her Lover, not the Tyrant were:
Keep you your Crown then; and let this ſuffice,
She ſells her hatred at ſo vaſt a Price.

Agrip.] Alas! the Price in my eſteem runs low.
You of a Scepter don't the troubles know.
For ſince in theſe Ambitious ways you lead,
And an unwilling Crown fixt on this head,
I have not found that true Felicity,
Nor thoſe vain ſweets wherewith you flattred me.
The Heavens dayly threaten, Thoſe that were
Witneſſes of his death whoſe name I bear,
And did aſſiſt me in this glorious riſe;
In the firſt Fight did fall before my eyes.
Whoſe Tragedy whilſt pittying, yet I view'd
A Dart in its own blood this hand imbru'd.

As if to it Heaven juſtly ſent that pain,
For the ſtoln Scepter, which it durſt ſuſtain.
Tyrh.] Fear not the Gods, they in your Favour ſtrike:
For whilſt to *Tiberinus* you're ſo like,
The Gods propitious were in ſlaying thoſe,
Who only could your borrowed Name diſcloſe.
That wounded hand too, ha's a kindneſs done;
For by your writing elſe you had been known.
Thoſe ſtrokes of Heaven therefore favours were;
By them you hold a Kingdom without fear.
And to your Glory Fate adds what remain'd;
You Victory on Victory have gain'd.
The War-like *Rutuli*, with your own hand
You have o'recome, and forc'd a peace demand.
And if you think you do *Mezentius* wrong,
To whom by Birth the Scepter do's belong;
The ſame juſt Heav'n, that ſeats you in the place,
Him from the Throne do's for his Vices chace:
Who blackned with a thouſand Crimes do's dare
Even Heaven it ſelf; nor would his own blood ſpare,
But had the ſum of all Attempts contriv'd,
And *Tiberinus* of his Realm depriv'd,
Had not *Lavinia*'s Beauty gain'd the Field,
And to his Love made his Ambition yield.
Reign you then ſo, as to deſerve that Crown
From which by Heav'n *Mezentius* is thrown down.
And ſince that Kings of Gods the Image bear,
Let the reſemblance in your Acts appear.
Agrip.] *Mezentius* may change Manners in the Throne;
Why ſhould we with his Crimes his right diſown,
Sullyed with Murder, Blood, and Treachery?
He's of *Æneas* Race.
Tyrh.] And are not We?
That blood o'th' Gods *Æneas* to his Race
Tranſmits, *Mezentius* do's by Crimes efface:

Whilſt in our Veins (though not ally'd ſo neer,)
That heavenly Blood flows in a Stream more clear.
He makes a Mock of Laws and Sacred right,
And *Titan*-like, againſt the Gods do's fight,
Who thus incenſed, have made choice of you,
To ſnatch from him that Scepter was his due.
Then ſince thoſe Powers their Vengeance to extend,
Have thought it fit, that you your Arm ſhould lend:
When they will give, refuſe not you a Throne;
But from their Juſtice your Advancement own.

Agrip.] Accommodate the Scepter to my Flame;
Let me but love, and I conſent to reign.

Tyrh.] Loving *Lavinia*, you your Crown may looſe:
If you muſt love, you may ſome other chooſe.

Agrip.] Than her I cannot one more worthy find.

Tyrh.] A Crown would be ſo to a gallant mind.

Agrip.] Whilſt I my Love, you your Ambition prize;
We cannot both, Sir, ſee with the ſame eyes.
The Scepter never did me farther pleaſe,
Than whilſt it to my Jealouſie gave eaſe.
Mezentius Rivals me, and were he King,
I fear his power might his contentment bring.

Tyrh.] Let him his Love, do you preſerve his Throne.

Agrip.] With the Kings name let me my paſſion own.

Tyrh.] Under that odious Name you'll be deſpis'd.

Agrip.] Ah! how ſuch cruelty is to be priz'd!
Lavinia's Love will beſt to me appear,
Under that falſe name of my Murderer.
Her greateſt rigour will allay my pain;
And I ſhall prove his faith by her diſdain.
Whilſt I my Rival and my Murderer ſeem,
I all her ſcorns for favours muſt eſteem:
And whilſt this way her kindneſs I improve,
Her hate will be the touch-ſtone of her Love.

Tyrh.] Flatter your ſelf then with ſo ſtrange a Fate;
Mourning her Love, rejoyce to have her Hate.

Try

Try thus how far for you her heart is mov'd,
And by her anger prove how you're belov'd.
——I have ſome Secrets of more weight, but here
Too long diſcourſe 'twixt us ſuſpitious were.
When the Kings Body I drew from the flood,
Alone I laid it on the pile of wood;
And knew ſo well to weep for you my Son,
That by my miſplac'd paſſion overcome,
The Factions of the Kingdom were betray'd,
And me a partner in their plots have made.
That we may meet, feign you will have my head,
And let me priſoner to the Fort be lead;
By which you all ſuſpitions may prevent,
Yet learn the Name of every diſcontent.
Now let your Anger againſt me grow high;
Pronounce it me that made the Princeſs fly;
And in fierce fury charge me that I do
No more approach *Lavinia* nor you.
Agrip.] Muſt I this forfeit of my duty make?
Tyrh.] I well can brook it when a Crown's at ſtake;
Nay rather beg ſo uſeful a diſdain:
'Tis my ſole glory, that I ſee you reign.

The End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT II.

Act The Second.

SCENE I.

Albina, Julia.

Julia. THis Palace, Madam, ſhould methinks renew
Thoſe griefs are to your brothers murder due.
Why viſit you this object of your wo?
Albina.] It is to ſee the Princeſs that I go.
Julia, We long have been by friendſhip ty'd:
But ſince my brother and her lover dy'd,
Griefs do unite us, and our Mutual care
Finds ſome refreſhments in each others ſhare.
Mezentius preſence drove me hence this day;
But chaſing me, chas'd not my griefs away;
Which thouſand Accidents now ſwell ſo high,
That ſinking under them I run to try
If our condoling can ſome eaſe procure.
But ſee, 'gainſt Cuſtome, they have ſhut the door.
Jul.] The King it may be hearing how ſhe mourn'd,
Is gone to viſit her, and not return'd.
Alb.] If ſo, I'll ſtay, and with a fury arm'd
Too ſtrong to be by paſt endearments charm'd.
I will reproach him with my brothers blood,
And in a paſſion not to be withſtood.
I will---- but O Gods! May I tell thee ſo?
Jul.] What ſhould you fear? doubt you to let me know
That your juſt hatred for your brothers fate
Makes you----
Alb.] I tremble but to think I hate.

Jul.]

Jul.] And can *Agrippa's* murderer ſtill find
A calm reception, Madam, in your mind?
Alb.] I fear it, *Julia*, and would fain to thee
Diſcloſe my doubts, that thou mayſt counſel me.
----Oh!----How that Tyrant once to me was dear!
Jul.] Conſider, now he is a Murderer;
That of a brother he has you depriv'd.
Alb.] I, and of more than is by thee believ'd.
His Tyranny, to act a double part,
Raviſh'd at once my brother and his heart.
For ſince the date of that foul Cruelty,
He ha's not made the leaſt addreſs to me:
But through our race his rigour to improve,
He with my brother Maſſacred his Love.
Jul.] Me thinks all grief 's to that brave brother due.
Alb.] That I eſteem'd him dear, Heav'n knows 'tis true.
Never in any Siſters ſoul did move
A Purer kindneſs, or ſincerer love;
And that to perfect, Natures ſelf aſſaid,
When him ſo like to what I lov'd ſhe made.
I truly priz'd him, *Julia*, and my eyes
Pay to his fall a dayly Sacrifice.
But when in his, my Lovers face appears,
I muſt confeſs he robs him of ſome tears.
That Tyrant in my heart bears yet ſuch ſway,
Though he exacts not, I am forc'd to pay;
And with ſome ſighs I to my duty owe,
Let drop ſome tears I from my paſſion flow:
Or would I from my ſoul that falſe one chace,
For tears of ſorrow, tears of ſpite take place.
Thus Love crept in my heart, like a bold Thief,
With Nature and my Duty ſhares my grief.
Jul.] Remember, Madam, to engage your hate;
Thoſe Cruelties your Father do's relate.
Alb.] In vain my Father now my hate would move,
Since 'twas by his Commaud I firſt did love:

It

It takes from it all blemiſh of a Crime,
Since 'twas his orders did my Love enjoyn;
And we more readily our ſelves diſpoſe
To Loves commands, than thoſe that Love oppoſe.
Duty and Cuſtome blew in me that fire
Which when it once flames up to a deſire,
Julia, we that ſoft ſweetneſs in it find,
'Tis hardly baniſh'd the ſevereſt mind.

Jul.] You ſhall not from me that complacence win,
To make me flatter you into a ſin.
I ſhould betray you, ſhould I ſooth your flame.

Alb.] I aſkt you counſel, to oppoſe the ſame.

Jul.] To make ſo Tyrannous a paſſion bow,
You muſt——

Alb.] My Father comes; ſay no more now.

SCENE II.

Tyrhenus, Albina, Julia.

Tyrh.] Gods! gainſt this Tyrant have I no relief?
Come, my *Albina*, ſhare thy Fathers grief.

Alb.] Sir, from what cauſe do's this freſh trouble ſpring?

Tyrh.] A new affront received from the King.
But *Julia*, ſee there be no ſpies in place;
Anger won't let me whiſper my diſgrace:
And when a Tyrant's minded to deſtroy,
To make juſt reaſon death, he'll find a Law.
The Princeſs did his ſight with ſcorn reject;
And having met me here, he do's ſuſpect
That I incens'd her to it, and has ſwore
That I ſhall die, if ere I ſe here more.
Thy Brothers blood cannot ſuffice his rage,
But to his blooming youth he'll add my age.

For

For to his thirſt no blood of ours will bring
Allay, unleſs he drink it from the Spring.
There are, Alas! in life no charms I prize;
Only in weeping I employ theſe eyes:
But ſeeing thee ſo young, 'tis for thy ſake,
If to preſerve this life ſome care I take.

Alb.] Since he the Princeſs ſight do's only bar,
Vouchſafe Sir for your life to take this care:
Or if you ſee her, you may yet engage
Her to admit the King, to calm his rage:
And leſt his fury ſhould on you reflect,
Perſwade her flatter him with falſe reſpect.

Tyrh.] Shall I oblige her then to ſooth his flame?

Alb.] His flame, Sir!

Tyrh.] Yes, he now declar'd the ſame,
Hoping alone he might the Princeſs ſee.
Finding a ſtop, and there perceiving me,
In height of rage and paſſion he reveal'd
He had for her a ſecret flame conceal'd;
And that my Son a ſacrifice did prove
Not to ſuſpected likeneſs, but to Love:
That jealouſie in ſtate was made the ſhow,
But jealouſie in Love did reach the blow.
And wouldſt thou have me then with my own breath
Go blow that fire that gave *Agrippa* death?
Or to preſerve my Life ſo little dear,
Procure his Miſtriſs for his Murderer?

Alb.] That were an infamy too baſe for you,
And what I'd ſooner have you die than do:
No, rather, Sir, go and incenſe her more;
Add horrour to the hate conceiv'd before.

Tyrh.] 'Tis that which now I did conſult to do.

Alb.] Her ſight, Sir, may prove dangerous to you:
Secure of the Kings threats I may her ſee.
Leave, if you pleaſe, the care of it to me.

Tyrh.] *Albina* go, act, urge, move every hinge
To raiſe her Soul to hatred and revenge.
Alb.] My Anſwer by obedience I return —
Oh, *Julia*, how with rage my heart do's burn!
Amidſt theſe griefs I yet have this delight,
To gratifie my Father and my ſpite,
If now *Lavinia* will but credit me.
See her door opes.--- Some one comes forth--- 'Tis ſhe.

SCENE III.

Lavinia, Albina, Camilla, Julia.

Lav.] I was, *Albina*, coming to ſee you,
To tell you of a grief as bold as new:
Fierce *Tiberinus* yet beſmear'd in blood,
Would have ſeen me, and ſcarce would be withſtood.
Who all that I thought dear with's own hand ſlew,
Would expoſe me to th' horrour of his view.
Alb.] His barbarous fury, Madam, higher flies,
Than to preſent himſelf before your eyes:
That were but little, durſt he do no more?
Lav.] What can he do?
Alb.] He do's thoſe eyes adore.
Lav.] Heavens! ſhall he dare this, and be Thunder-free?
Alb.] My Father juſt now, Madam, told it me;
From whom (but that a ſtrict Command has barr'd
Him from your ſight) you might the ſame have heard.
We to his flame my Brothers Murder owe.
Lav.] Thy Brother's ſelf did not my paſſion know:
For whilſt he liv'd, a humour too ſevere
To let the leaſt complacent thought appear,
My Love to him from all the world conceal'd.
Alb.] To ſuch a Rival 'twould be ſoon reveal'd:

He

He through the perſpective of paſſion pry'd,
Survey'd each look, and ſo much Love eſpi'd,
That if my Brother be a wandring ſhade,
It was your kindneſs him to Fate betray'd.
This fatal fire which now appears to blaze,
Ha's ſtopt his breath, and ſmother'd up his days;
And brave *Agrippa* in a flame did die,
Which unperceiv'd was kindled at your eye.
Here do's the Tyrant's cruelty appear;
Part in your Lovers death he'll make you bear:
For offering him unto his jealous rage,
He do's your Love with his own crime engage.

Lav.] You ſuch Impreſſions on my Soul have laid,
Trembling and Horror every ſence invade.
But, bloody Tyrant, thou th'effects ſhalt find.

Alb.] Anger well plac'd do's grace a noble mind.
For hate to him can never be ſevere;
And 'tis but juſtice to incenſe you here.
Then ſince his crime did from his paſſion ſpring,
What did the fault, let the chaſtiſement bring.
Whilſt you diſdain and ſcorn upon him throw,
You make him wretched, who hath made you ſo.
Your vengeance within your own power you have,
And as you pleaſe may puniſh him your ſlave.
For one as cruel as himſelf he'll find,
Whilſt Love do's play the Tyrant in his mind.

Lav.] My juſt reſentments yet muſt higher fly:
Theſe are too low, *Albina*; he muſt die.
The blood he ſhed requires all his own;
And I do only live to ſee it done.
Too long ſince my dear love receiv'd his doom,
Have I delay'd to wait upon his Tomb:
But I ſhould bluſh to meet his happy Ghoſt,
Ere I to it a full revenge could boaſt.
Too long the Tyrant has his crime ſurviv'd;
But 'twas his abſence me of means deprived.

Now if the Gods will to my vows be good,
His own ſhall expiate *Agrippa*'s blood.
This day ſhall terminate his wicked race----
----What ſuddain paleneſs do's invade your face?
Alb.] I fear the dangers into which you run.
Lav.] Think'ſt thou the Tyrant then his fate can ſhun?
To Love ſpurr'd by Deſpair there's nothing hard:
I'll reach his heart i'th' midſt of all his Guard.
Beſides, ſo many friends with me will joyn,
As will remove all doubt of the deſign.
Alcentius ſhall a party be: for Fate
Will make his love the ſervant of my hate.
Thou to thy Father go, and bid with ſpeed
His friends be ready 'gainſt the time of need. { *The Guard appear.*
But the King comes.
Alb.] Let us his ſight avoid.---- { *Lavinia goes in.*
The falſe one merits well to be deſtroy'd: { *Albina ſtays.*
And yet----
Jul.] To ſhun him enter at this door.
Alb.] If I do ſee him, 'tis t'incenſe me more.

SCENE IV.

Agrippa, Train, *Albina*, *Julia*.

Agrip.] I muſt a Hecatomb to Fortune owe
For this bleſt interview ſhe do's beſtow.
Madam, I know I have incurr'd you hate,
And therefore for this favour thank my Fate.
Alb.] You may with pleaſure, Sir, behold my tears;
In them your joy of ſeeing me appears:
And in my Brothers blood may be diſcern'd
How much your heart hath been for me concern'd.

Agrip.]

Agrip.] Justly this Anger you do on me throw;
'Tis what you to your Brothers ashes owe.
But mayn't there, Madam, some excuse appear,
That our resemblance was so strangely near?
Lest he by errour might advantage gain,
Interest of State-----

Alb.] No, no, Sir, cease to feign.
I know what int'rest was in you most strong;
It was his love, not likeness, did the wrong.
You from his Loyalty had no offence:
Love gave the blow, the State was the pretence.
Your passion for *Lavinia* arm'd your hand.

Agrip.] Since you think so, I'll not your thoughts withstand:
But knowing what to such a crime is due,
Believ't a new one to pretend to you.
For all Love has of innocent delight,
In us, would turn to horrour, and affright.

Alb.] I do not wonder your inhumane brest
Disclaims with ease those vows to me addrest.
You in the fatal change a Rival find
To Murther, and 'tis crimes best please your mind.
My Love had been too quiet, and too free,
Too void of Tyrannies and Treachery:
No slaughters need its innocence annoy,
Nor had you found a Rival to destroy.
But to you nothing precious seems, or good,
Save what you buy with Treason and with Blood.
Your wretched Soul is so to mischiefs bent,
You cannot let your Love be innocent.

Agrip.] Do! let my passion for *Lavinia* be
Accus'd of Treasons, Blood and Tyranny;
Loaden with all you can invent of blame,
I shall not fear to own it without shame.
A fault so glorious will not charge my min
With those remorses which the guilty find:

For

For howſoe're with Treacheries defil'd,
My Love is to my Reaſon reconcil'd.

Alb.] The Criminal that ſenceleſs of remorſe,
Do's ſeem in ills to have atchiev'd his courſe,
For perfect marks he of a miſcreant bears,
Whoſe guilt exceeds his horrour or his fears.
Sure after all thoſe crimes your Love has coſt,
Your heart ſhould tremble at the peace you boaſt.
Till from the Soul thoſe inward ſtings are fled,
All hopes of goodneſs are not baniſhed:
Even in the heart that's blemiſh'd o're with ſtains,
Some little ſtock of Vertue ſtill remains:
But thoſe extinct, farewel all innocence;
That ill's paſt cure, that once is paſt all ſence.

Agrip.] If 't be your Brothers loſs cauſe all this care,
You having nothing loſt, your griefs may ſpare.
I 'll be to you what ere he could have been;
And for my Love, will pay you my eſteem.

Alb.] Me your Eſteem? How can I guilty be,
That I ſhould merit ſuch an infamy?
Or ſince crimes are the pleaſures of your breſt,
What have I done you might not me deteſt?
Shall I a villain for my Brother have?

Agrip.] Your fury heightens that eſteem I gave:
Whate're indignities from you are thrown,
I ſhall not as reproach, but kindneſs own.
Your generous duty do's herein appear;
I did but now for you begin to fear:
Methought ſome motion through your blood did fly,
Which did betray a paſſion in your eye;
And I obſerv'd through all your anger move
Something that ſpoke an old remain of Love.

Alb.] Your ſcorn and your advice, Sir, comes too late:
But if my eyes have made you doubt my hate,
Or with your pride my blood durſt take a part,
I do declare them Traytors to my heart;

That

That heart, which once your Sacrifice became,
But ſince *Agrippa*'s death abhors that name.
Your murtherous hand no ſooner cut his thred,
But with his breath, all my deſires were fled:
Quench't in a brothers blood thoſe fires did die,
And wronged Nature did the knots untie.
Perhaps ſurpriz'd at your firſt ſight I may
By my dull eyes, my troubled Soul betray:
But know, that Hatred in its turn do's move,
And is extravagant as well as Love.
That Tyrant's preſence who my brother ſlew,
Might of his wounds the memory renew;
And blood offended will by Nature ſtir
At the approaching of the Murtherer.
Agrip.] I beg not that this anger you aſſwage,
Which blood Commands, and dutie do's Engage;
And by whoſe Juſtice worthy you appear
Of all that could love well, or be held dear.
After the pittie I conceive for you,
Let me add ſomething to your glory due.
You ought to hate me, and in doing ſo,
Pay but what to your brothers duſt you owe:
And twould grieve me if ſhe whom once I lov'd,
Were not by dutie and by nature mov'd.
I'll quit you, Madam, leſt my preſence do
Drive from my heart that hatred is my due;
Leſt ſome alluring charm incite you to
Thoſe ſmiles for me, will be a ſhame for you.
I know crimes do ſouls great like yours incenſe;
You can't forget ſo barbarous an offence.
Yet ſince Love has thoſe ſubtile ſecret ways,
And often by the eye the heart betrays;
I by my abſence will your fears abate,
And ſo ſecure the honour of your hate.

SCENE V.

SCENE V.

Albina, Julia.

Alb.] To make me hate thee, Tyrant, take no care;
Thy barbarous Crimes too ſtrong incitements are.
Fear not my Love, but at my Vengeance ſtart:
Believe that ſtill I would poſſeſs thy heart;
But 'tis, that I, by tearing it alive,
Might ſome allay to my juſt anger give.
Ah *Julia!* how I feel my Flame expire!
Diſdain do's in me ſmother all deſire:
And my Reſentment taking now its turn,
Do's with my Love in equal ardour burn.
The Tyrant favour'd me; he did not find
In me thoſe Charms might grace me in his mind.
For now no ſighs of his, unleſs they be
His laſt, will prove acceptable to me.
Come, *Julia*, to his death let's lend our Aid;
His puniſhment appears to me delay'd.
Where Love and Nature both receive a wrong,
Revenge, though preſent, ſeems to ſtay too long.

The End of the Second ACT.

Act the Third.

SCENE I.

Mezentius, Faustus.

Faustus. THe Army, Sir, are now so discontent,
They would almost your own desires prevent.
Their hardned limbs unus'd to sloathful ease,
Would hazard any thing to hinder Peace.
Besides those friends that *Alba* will afford,
Who only wait when you will give the word.
And having all these helps, are those thoughts gone,
Which made you once aspire to the Throne?

Mez.] *Faustus*, since I to Love became a prize,
Scarcely for it do all my thoughts suffice:
That cruel passion, by prevailing art,
Has banisht all Ambition from my heart.
Before this wound the Princess beautie gave,
I to those viler passions was a slave;
Scorn to obey, and a desire to reign,
Prompted to all attempts a Crown to gain:
I endur'd nothing did my will controul:
And unto Crimes did dedicate my Soul.
But since her eyes gave light unto this flame,
Purg'd by those fires, my heart more pure became:
And now alone upon those Charms intent,
Dares form no vows but what are innocent.
There is no happiness but in her love:
And could I ever hope her breast to move,

I would not change ſo bleſſed an Eſtate
For all the Crowns can be beſtow'd by Fate.

Fauſt.] The King, Sir, is advancing towards this place.

Mez.] He ſtops, and wears ſome trouble in his face.

SCENE II.

Agrippa, Mezentius, Fauſtus, Atis.

Mez.] Sir, If I may not indiſcreet appear,
Why in your looks do you this ſadneſs wear?
Things proſperous beyond your wiſhes are;
You return victor from a bloody war,
And bring along all that the Great can pleaſe;
Honours and pleaſures, victory and peace.
Whilſt Fate then to your Glory is ſo kind,
What ſad dull humour dares oppreſs your mind?
Or what diſquiet thoughts within your breſt,
Whilſt you give peace to all, diſturbs your reſt?

Agrip.] All things indeed appear to flatter me;
And I from war return with victory:
By many happy Fights our peace is wrought,
And all are pleas'd with this repoſe I brought:
But I alone this reſt cannot enjoy,
Crowns are confin'd to ſo ſevere a law;
And that bleſt Calm a happy victor brings,
Is for the Subjects quiet, not the Kings.

Mez.] Though happieſt Kings are not exempt from care,
Fortune ſo ſtudies to abate your ſhare,
That waiting to prevent you wiſhes, ſhe
Strives to forget her old inconſtancie.

Agrip.] Tis true, that Fortune ſo her kindneſs ſhows,
As if that Goddeſs were at my diſpoſe:

But

But were ſhe truly ſo, ſhe never can
Feed all the wiſhes and deſires of man.
Under two powers is our life confin'd,
Cruel alike, as they alike are blind.
And ſeldom 'tis, that both do kind appear:
Secure of Fortune, yet we Love may fear.
Mez.] If ſtill you love *Albina*, I'm ſurpriz'd;
Her, Sir, whoſe Brother you have ſacrifiz'd?
Agrip.] No, 'Tis another Beauty I adore;
Which when you hear, will yet ſurprize you more.
My paſſion for *Albina*'s quite ſuppreſt,
And 'tis *Lavinia* rules now in my breſt.
Mez.] *Lavinia*, Sir!
Agrip.] Nay ſtart not at that name:
I thought 't muſt grieve you when you knew my flame.
For knowing yours, 'twas eaſily diſcern'd
You muſt for ſuch a Rival be concern'd.
I'm troubled that I do your griefs create;
But Love will be obey'd, as ſure as Fate.
Mez.] Though, Sir, this ſuddain trouble may appear
Too great for my perplexed Soul to bear,
I'm not ſo vain to beg my King to be
Subject unto the leaſt conſtraint for me:
Nor whilſt on my own paſſion I reflect,
Will I a forfeit make of my reſpect.
Though in this Realm I claim a high degree,
There's diſtance 'twixt my Soveraign ſtill and me:
And I muſt pay, though of blood Royal born,
Homage to him by whom the Crown is worn.
For crowned heads, by a becoming pride,
Are only unto Kings and Gods ally'd:
That blood of theirs we carry in our veins,
Do's only bind us in the ſtreighter chains.
But Majeſty do's ſoar ſo vaſt a flight,
Nature and Blood are ſubject to its height.

'Tis not then on my own behalf I'll move
You would, great Sir, ſtrive to renounce this love;
Nor is't for mine, but for your quiet ſake,
For your repoſe, that I this boldneſs take:
Spare to your ſelf the rigour of that Fate,
To ſee your ſighs paid with eternal hate.
The Princeſs Lover whom your hands have ſlain,
Makes you the object of her juſt diſdain:
She ſo much horrour has conceiv'd for you,
That your pretentions will its force renew;
And it will be a miſery without end,
To excite hatred where you love pretend.
I have of this a ſad experience made;
My conſtancy with ſcorn ſhe hath repaid:
And you perhaps this fatal fire would flie,
If you had prov'd this ſcorn as much as I.

Agrip.] That you from her can no advantage gain,
Adds to my joy, and does relieve my pain.
My bitter paſſion has this ſweetneſs yet,
I love a heart that won't to yours ſubmit.
For 'tis enough to keep my hopes alive,
That I am certain you in vain muſt ſtrive.
Whilſt ſhe ſcorns you, ſhe do's my flame increaſe;
And lov'd ſhe you, my love to her would ceaſe.

Mez.] Horrour and hate together do combine,
To make her hate of you more ſure than mine.
And a great King that is by Glory ſway'd,
Should never be by paſſion ſo betray'd,
As to declare his Soul by beauty mov'd,
Till he be ſure to be again belov'd.
The honour of his Crown muſt needs grow leſs,
When thus his love his greatneſs do's oppreſs;
And that by ſighs which muſt be ſpent in vain
His Majeſty's expoſed to diſdain.

Agrip.] Inſtruct me not, Sir, what I have to do;
I know well what is to my glory due,

And

And cannot think the honour of my State
Runs ſo much hazard by *Lavinia*'s hate.
Few hatreds are ſo ſtubborn and ſevere,
But they grow flexible where Thrones appear;
And a bright Crown upon her Temples ſet,
May make her all her Lovers blood forgot.
Mez.] Sir, flatter not your ſelf with hopes ſo vain;
The paſſions of her Soul too firm remain.
Her love to him, though dead, to you her hate,
Are both too conſtant, and too obſtinate.
You may as well the laws of Fate controul,
As think to ſnatch *Agrippa* from her Soul;
And you as vainly hope, if you believe
She ought for you but hatred can conceive.
Your Crown, whilſt with a blood ſo precious ſtain'd,
Will be with all its Charms by her diſdain'd.
Even at your name her eyes with anger arm'd
In fury blaze——
Agrip.] Oh! how with this I'm charm'd!
How ſweet and pleaſant 'tis to me to find,
In what I love, ſuch conſtancy of mind!
Whilſt ſuch an object of my flame I have,
The God brings Balſom to the wound he gave.
Prince of a heart ſo faithful and ſo true,
The Conqueſts only to a Scepter due:
A Soul that is with ſuch endowments bleſt
May claim dominion in a lovers breſt.
Mez.] But know, this heart ſo faithful and ſo true,
Will never be made ſubject, Sir, to you:
For ſhe'll increaſe her hatred with your love.
Agrip.] Sweet Prince! your error do's my pittie move.
The thoughts ſhe will on me throw all her hate,
Do's to your flame ſome flattring hopes create.
And you preſume, if ſhe in anger do
Grow fierce to me, ſhe muſt grow mild to you.

But

But, Sir, this path I to my wiſhes know;
There wants no more, but when I'll have it ſo.
Such ways I have her favour to procure,
The hate you dream of is not half ſo ſure.
That you may know how weak is your pretence,
My pittie hazards, Sir, this confidence.
And for that kind advice giv'n me by you,
I thought there ſomething in my turn was due.

SCENE III.

Mezentius, Fauſtus.

Mez.] *Fauſtus*, doſt my misfortune comprehend,
And whither the Kings haughty threats may tend?
Fauſt.] He has but ſaid too much, to let you know
That with his love he will his power ſhow:
That where he cannot by addreſſes gain,
His headſtrong will do's prompt him to conſtrain.
Where prayers prevail not, he will uſe command,
And force the Princeſs to give him her hand.
Thus of your Miſtreſs he will you bereave.
But ſhe comes forth, —'tis fit I take my leave.

SCENE IV.

Lavinia, Mezentius.

Lav.] Sir, have you been of my new Torments told?
To ſigh for me the Tyrant's now grown bold:
Theſe wretched eyes bear in my grief two parts,
Yet ſhame to pleaſe the wickedſt of all hearts.

Mez.]

Mez.] Nay, Madam, he to be your ſpouſe pretends;
And ſtart'ry failing, to uſe force intends.
Liv.] Ah barbarous Traytor! but, Sir, if't be true
That love has g'in me any part in you,
Can you abandon me in this eſtate,
And leave me to the power of him I hate?
Mez.] Though that pure flame which me your vaſſal made
Hath ever been with hate and ſcorn repaid,
My heart unto its paſſion is ſo true,
I'll fly through death it ſelf to ſuccour you.
Try my obedience then by your command.
Liv.] It is the Tyrant's head that I demand ——
Ha!--- ſtart not--- If your help I cannot have,
I ſhall find ways, Sir, his attempts to brave,
To baffle all the worſt of Tyranny.
Know that I am experienc'd how to die:
And 'gainſt whatever Tyrants dare aſſail
Death is a remedy can never fail.
Mez.] No, rather live, to take from me and Fate
That Tyrant's head exacted by your hate:
At leaſt, inſtead of his, you ſhall have mine:
To be gainſaid, Love's power is too divine.
If I did ſtart, that I ſe to ſacrifice
Which dutie binds me to, and nature ties;
The leaſt I could to blood and dutie pay,
Was at the firſt ſome trouble to betray.
But to that paſſion do's my heart diſpoſe,
In vain the ſacre'ſt rights themſelves oppoſe:
You in my heart do bear the higheſt ſway,
And Loves laws are the firſt I ſhould obey.
Liv.] Sir, in this promiſe of his death I find
Something allays the trouble of my mind:
Though I all ſervice have refus'd from you,
This I receive with welcomes to it due.

Not

Not for my dangers it may diſengage;
I neither fear the Tyrant's love nor rage:
But all herein that precious ſeems or good,
Is the revenging my *Agrippa*'s blood.
My vows were all accompliſht, could I boaſt
I had this Victim offered to his Ghoſt.
For midſt all ills, a double good 'twould prove,
To ſlay a Tyrant, and revenge my Love.

Mez.] Ah, Madam! I perceive by this I muſt
Be ſtill deſpiſed for my Rivalls duſt:
Whilſt to your aid I dedicate this Arm,
You fear leſt ſome weak hopes my Soul ſhould charm.
Well, Cruel, well, I'll hazard your defence
Without exacting any recompence.
Since in my heart your love did get this ſway,
'Tis without hopes accuſtom'd to obey.
But you muſt give me leave to boaſt this pride,
That your revenge you to my love confide,
And that your heart once felt the tenderneſs
To offer up ſome vows to my ſucceſs:
The worſt of Chances cannot then deter,
Whilſt to your pleaſure I my life prefer:
And ſhould ill fortune my attempts purſue,
I ſhall be happy when I die for you.
I'll go, and of my friends implore the aid.

Lav.] Take heed of truſting, leſt you be betray'd.
Above all, aſſurance in *Tyrhenus* have;
He has an intereſt in the death I crave.
I ſee him yonder; but I being here,
His head he hazards if he ſhould draw neer.
I'll leave you therefore to conſult the way
How to make this to all a happy day.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Tyrhenus, Mezentius.

Mez.] Come, see how in your griefs a part I bear,
And for their ease a remedy prepare.
Tyrh.] How, Sir? can you restore my son to breath?
Mez.] I cannot; but we may revenge his death.
There's nothing should a greater trouble give
To you, than that you see his murderer live.
But now that mine do with your wishes meet,
They'll bring you all that in revenge is sweet.
Tyrh.] Can you think this, Sir, 'gainst your Soveraign?
Mez.] To circumvent you, you may think I feign;
But you'll recant your errour when you hear
He'd snatch from me all that my Soul holds dear.
And when Love in our hearts has gain'd command,
We abhor all do's its carrier withstand.
Tyrh.] Your unjust Rival I with you condemn;
'Tis fit that flame should fatal prove to him:
And yet his blood which through your veins does move,
Might stifle this extravagance of love.
Mez.] Those flames within our breasts must needs be cold,
Where Nature do's with Love proportion hold.
Love do's all fetters but it's own disdain;
Kindred and blood against it strive in vain.
When first the Princess me her Champion made,
Some little tremblings did my Soul invade;
But thinking he to her was sacrifiz'd,
They vanish'd, and all duties I despis'd:
My heart, that knew it, did depend on her,
Soon those did to all other chains prefer.

When what we love craves to be underſtood,
In vain we liſten to the cries of blood.
The object lov'd rules in the Lover's breſt,
And by its laws all others are ſuppreſt.

Tyrh.] The danger, Sir, of ſuch an enterprize,
The fear of a diſcovery or ſurprize;
The Kings revenge, who never will forgive,
May yet to your reſolves ſome trouble give.

Mez.] Think not my Soul can be betray'd by fear,
Love having got ſuch vaſt dominion there.
In vain thoſe Chills my flames ſtrive to aſſwage;
I think what object do's my Arm engage.
And how ſhould fear gain place within my Soul,
When that God rules there, do's all Gods controul?

Tyrh.] You, Sir, may judge in the aſſault you make,
What thoughts I ought to have, what part to take:
But ſince Kings do Gods Image bear, and he
Who them aſſails fights with the Deity;
Sure that ſtrict awe which to the Heavens we owe,
May ſtop your hand, ready to give the blow.
Though earthly Terrours you as Bugbears prize,
You can't the Thunder of the Gods deſpiſe,
Which do's the great'ſt of Criminals appall.

Mez.] The guilty do not ſtill by Lightning fall.
When Gods with Thunder would the Earth affright,
The Bolt, alas! do's on th'unhappy light:
For when it rends the ſkies, and roars from thence,
Chance oftner is its guide than Providence.
But for the Crime, if a revenge to take,
Th' incenſed heavens o're my head ſhould ſhake;
If all the Gods againſt me ſhould conſpire,
And anger make them arm their hands with fire;
Yet whilſt a beauty that has ſo much charm
Inſpires my blood, and do's my courage warm,
Even all thoſe Gods themſelves would Bugbears be,
And ſhaking heaven it ſelf ſhould not ſhake me.

Only

Only do you the part due to you take,
And ſhow what you dare do for a ſons ſake.
Tyrh.] Oh, Sir, this intereſt touches me moſt neer:
Knew you but how---- [*weeps.*
Mez.] It do's too well appear.
Knowing how tender your concernments were,
I thought it juſt that you ſhould have a ſhare
In this revenge; and did reſolve to owe
To your advice the guidance of my blow.
Tyrh.] I to your truſt do this aſſurance give,
Your confidence has made my hopes revive;
And I had ſure deſpair'd, had you to me
Deny'd a part in this conſpiracie.
Mez.] I'll leave the choice of time and place to you:
My friends are ready, powerful, and true;
Who on my orders would the world lay waſt,
Tyrh.] 'Bove all, take heed of making too much haſt.
The King, Sir, hath his Army hither call'd;
The Fort is guarded, and the City wall'd;
So that on failor, or diſcovery,
There can for us no hopes of ſafety be.
Theſe dangers 'mongſt our friends may doubts create,
And one mans fear expoſe us all to fate.
This hindrance cannot laſt for many days,
For more than ten the Army hardly ſtays:
And our Conſpirators, who then will know
Themſelves the ſtronger, will the bolder grow.
In great deſigns fit choice of time muſt ſway.
Mez.] I do with you conſent to the delay;
And always ſhall think your advice the beſt,
Rul'd by experience and by intereſt.
In the mean time, let us our friends prepare:
I'll ſend you mine, and judge you what they are.
It is your care that I rely upon.
Tyrh.] What e're a Father can do for a ſon,

You may be ſure of; and if Fate prove true,
I ſhall do things not thought of yet by you.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Lavinia, Mezentius.

Lav. SIr, what unhappy News is this you tell!
Tyrhenus made a priſoner?——

Mez.] It may well
Surprize you, Madam, as it has done me;
For with him all our hopes impriſoned be:
In his reſtraint our chief relyance dies.
He many friends experienc'd has, and wiſe;
He my cloſe partners in the plot has ſeen,
And by his Counſels ſo gain'd their eſteem,
That as if Courage from his breath diſtill'd,
He all their breſts hath with freſh boldneſs fill'd.
But parting from us, *Atis*, as 'tis ſaid,
Met him, and to the Fort him priſoner led.

Lav.] How do's one crime another ſtill engage!
My Lovers blood whetted the Tyrants rage;
Which from that time ſo ſharp and keen remains,
He'll wreak the reſt on't in his fathers veins.
A ſwift aſſiſtance now our hopes muſt ſtead.
Go--- let the Tyrant's death ſecure that head:
And by your blows preventing his deſign,
Save him the horrour of ſo foul a crime.

He

He has liv'd but too long; a Tyrants fate
As always wiſht for, always ſeems too late.
Run then, and ſince your friends wait but your word,
Do not to them a time of doubt afford.
Theſe great attempts do too much hazard run,
When we allow ſpace for reflexion.
Think but what fears *Tyrhenus* death may raiſe:
Danger and doubt the greateſt heart allays.

Mez.] Madam, I'll fly your pleaſure to obey;
Nor will I now diſpute for a delay,
But ſlighting reaſons might this haſt withſtand,
Think it enough that it is your command.
Whilſt the King pays his vows to Victory,
He ſhall himſelf to you a Victim be:
And by your eyes, thoſe ſacred lights, I ſwear
To bring his head here, or to leave mine there.
But here he comes. [*The Guards appear.*

Lav.] I'll fly.

Mez.] Conſtrain your hate:
Now he's ſo nigh, your flight will be too late.
And thus in your revenge you gain a ſhare,
To ſtop him here, whilſt I his death prepare.

SCENE II.

Agrippa, *Lavinia*, *Atis*, Train.

Agrip.] Do I then, Princeſs, yet thoſe beauties ſee?
Alas! that my joy ſhould your torment be;
That all my faithful love, and all my pain,
Dare only hope for hatred and diſdain!
And yet my flame is grown ſo bright and high,
In vain I ſtrive to keep it from your eye.
Small ills we may diſſemble and conceal;
But that love's weak, do's not it ſelf reveal.

I know this raſh attempt muſt draw on me
Hatred, contempt, diſdain, and crueltie ;
That all your anger you will on me heap :
Yet at that price my love will ſtill be cheap.
Summon your fury then.--- But is it true,
That I ſee charming Tears diſtil from you ?
My Soul is at this tenderneſs againſt :
May I believ't ?

Lav.] Yes, cruel one, thou may'ſt.
My heart do's with its firm reſolves diſpence :
I thought thy preſence would my Soul incenſe,
And make my breſt with horrour overflow ;
Yet ſeeing thee, my thoughts do tender grow,
As though all hatred from my mind were fled.

Agrip.] Can then *Agrippa* thence be baniſhed ?
And with your favour can you make me bleſt ?

Lav.] Thinkſt thou ſuch crimes dare harbour in my breſt ?
Treaſon like thine, my love and faith muſt ſway,
When I that generous Heroe ſo betray,
That to his ſpotleſs aſhes I prefer
The ſtain'd addreſſes of his Murderer.
But leſt thou think my Tears from thence did flow,
I to my love this explanation owe :
My Lover did ſo much reſemble thee,
Thy preſence do's renew his memory ;
Bringing thoſe ſmiles were once to me ſo ſweet,
Thou did'ſt my Tears, inſtead of anger meet.
That Image did this tenderneſs create,
Stifled my rage, and did ſuſpend my hate.
My heart that to thoſe Charms engag'd would be
In favour of him, almoſt favour'd thee ;
And in thoſe features firſt ſurpriz'd my mind,
I that aſſault did from my paſſion find.
Hatred nor Fury could not gain a part,
But Love alone was ruler in my heart.

But now that love which all my Soul poſſeſt,
Stirs up both hate and fury in my breſt;
Which juſtly bluſhing to have ſtaid ſo long,
Are by that ſhort ſuſpenſion grown more ſtrong.
Thou ſoon ſhalt find an anger ſo ſevere,
Its great concernment ſhall in it appear;
And know that fury cannot be withſtood,
Which is inſpired by a Lover's blood.
My eyes ſhall dart ſuch vengeance upon you.

Agrip.] Madam, I know this to my crime is due.
But though your eyes with all your hate you arm,
In all their anger I ſhall find a Charm.
Accuſe me, ſcorn me, I will not complain,
But love you without hopes of love again.
Whilſt you impute *Agrippa*'s death to me,
I cannot murmur at your cruelty;
Nor preſs your heart that paſſion to remove,
Which as it heightens, do's increaſe my love.

Lav.] Did not my Tears then to my Griefs ſuffice,
But thou muſt yet find Charms in theſe ſad eyes?
Muſt they behold a Tyrant's Soul inclin'd
To that bright flame once grac'd a Heroe's mind?
But ah! how cruel do's thy love appear,
Cruel to him that was to me ſo dear?
Whilſt his pure flame did by thy crime become
A fatal Torch to light him to his Tomb.
May yet revenging Heaven make thy love
At leaſt as fatal as *Agrippa*'s prove:
May all the Furies new inventions try
To puniſh thee; and may the aiding Sky
Miſchiefs like rain upon thy head diſtil,
Till thou become the Quintellence of ill.
I will implore thoſe Gods thy Crimes abuſe.

Agrip.] Preſs not the Gods for what they will refuſe.
They know our good, and of us take ſuch care,
Believe me, Madam, you your vows may ſpare.

Though

Though I with you that generous Faith approve
Appears in this remembrance of your love,
Yet grief perhaps has to your heart deny'd
The thoughts what glories do in Thrones reſide.
Come, you have mourn'd too much. Try to believe
Thoſe comforts which an offered Crown may give.
Scepters are Charms unto the greateſt grief,
And from the Throne all evils ſeek relief.

Lav.] Diſdain'd I not a Scepter in thy hand,
Agrippa's ſhade do's ſo my Soul command,
I ſhould with more contentment chooſe to be
His Spouſe in death, than ſet on Thrones with thee.

Agrip.] Am I that object of your hatred made,
That you ſlight ſo much glory for a ſhade?
Rare preſident! which no Example hath:
To that which is not, you extend your faith.
What heart e're was to grief ſo given o're,
But it forgot a love that was no more?
Ceaſe muſt the fierceſt fire that ever burn'd,
When that which feeds it is to aſhes turn'd.

Lav.] Learn then from me, what glory do's inſpire:
Breſts once inflamed with a juſt deſire,
My Loves cold aſhes in their froſty urn
With it's firſt ardor make my heart ſtill burn,
Forcing my ſighs nights ſilence to invade,
And 'mongſt the Ghoſts pay tribute to his ſhade.
Nothing can a well-kindled flame remove:
Who can deſiſt, ſure never well did love.
But, Tyrant, know, my Soul the power hath
To looſe it's Lover, yet preſerve it's Faith.
In worthy minds, where death an Empire gains,
In vain death ſtrives to break it's firmer chains.
Woul! Heaven *Agrippa* had but known what now
I do with Tears and Sighs to thee avow.
But ah! the force of an imperious pride
Made me this love too obſtinately hide.

Whilſt

Whilſt my heart burnt, I ſtudied to diſdain,
And knew ſo weil my paſſion to conſtrain,
That at his death he did not underſtand
He o're my Soul had gain'd the leaſt command.
Why did you not, you Gods, this truth unfold?
Make him foreſee theſe tears——

Agrip.] Ah Princeſs hold!----

So ſweet a Charm do's ſet my Soul on fire.
Bring here *Tyrhenus*, *Atis*,--- you retire. { Atis *and the whole*
No longer now can I my ſelf conſtrain: { *Train withdraw.*
For love will ſpeak, that knows not how to feign.
Charg'd with ſuch loads, this ſecret do's appear
Too weighty for my feeble heart to bear.
Ceaſe then, of love and faith thou ſole delight,
To ſeek *Agrippa* in eternal night;
Twas *Tiberinus* who alone was drown'd,
And you in me that happy love have found.

Lav.] In you? oh Heavens! how can this be true?
Who can aſſure it me?

Agrip.] I ſee you do
Suſpect me of Impoſture, and you may
Have cauſe to do't, from my too long delay.
Th' advice is juſtly too ſuſpitious grown,
To have you credit it from me alone.
My Father ſhall the truth of all unfold:
You may give faith to what by him is told.
I will oblige him now to let you know,
I this diſguiſe to his injunctions owe.
Juſtice will urge him to it, when he finds
Fate cannot part two love-contracted minds.
In the mean time, to know me well, you may
Search your own heart.----

Lav.] I fear 'twill me betray.
Too weakly do's it this ſurprizal bear,
To truſt to it---

Agrip.] My Father do's appear.

From whom what I am will be better known.

Lav.] If you would pleaſe me, ſtrive to be his Son.

SCENE III.

Agrippa, Lavinia, Tyrhenus.

Agrip.] The Princeſs, Sir, knows now of my diſguiſe; *{ Having firſt made a ſign to* Atis *to retire.*

This action I expect ſhould you ſurpriſe.

But you foretold my love would make me known:

The ſecret for my heart too ſtrong was grown.

Her powerful Charms have on my dutie won;

I have told all----

Tyrh.] What Sir?

Agrip.] That I'm your Son.

Tyrh.] You, Sir, my Son? you're to your ſelf unjuſt:

My Son is dead; do not diſturb his duſt.

Alas! 'twas by your hand----

Agrip.] Your cares are vain.

A Secret told, can't be recall'd again.

Acknowledge then that in the rapid wave

Unhappy *Tiberinus* found a grave:

That favour'd by our likeneſs, I grew bold

T' aſſume the Regal power now I hold:

That the Kings body from the floods you drew,

And paid the tears to a Sons aſhes due.

In fine, that to avoid ſuſpect, and learn

Such enterprizes as might do me harm,

You with my Murder did the King accuſe.

Tyrh.] I know the forfeit, Sir, if I refuſe

This baſe acknowledgment, and ready ſtand

To offer up my head at your command.

---Betray

---Betray my Sons blood for his Murderers ſake?
Agrip.] How, Sir?---
Tyrh.] Your anger ſha'not make me ſhake.
You know me ill, in thinking I can be
Guilty of ſuch inhumane Infamy:
The ſmall remain of blood runs in theſe veins,
Shall ne're be purchas'd with ſuch barbarous ſtains.
Agrip.] Why ſhould you cruelly with cunning ſtrive
This good and faithful Princeſs to deceive?
Have not her eyes, of tears the current made,
Yet to your Son ſufficient tribute paid?
Tyrh.] Too well your ſence herein to me appears;
You would not let him honour him with tears,
Nor ſuffer that a heart ſo generous ſend
Sighs to the Tomb of her unhappy friend.
Is't not enough y'ave rob'd him of his breath,
But that you muſt purſue him after death?
Cannot his aſhes from your hate be free?
Nor Urns protect him from your cruelty?
Forbear, great Sir, an envy ſo unjuſt;
And having had his blood, ſpare to his duſt
This honour, that a heart do it bemoan,
Which Love has deſtin'd to thoſe ſighs alone.
Agrip.] Let then that generous heart be diſabus'd
Which I poſſeſs, while 'tis to me refus'd:
That heart preſerves for me ſo pure a flame,
It diſdains Scepters for my only name:
That heart in which do's all my bliſs conſiſt,
Loves gift; but that my Father do's reſiſt
My Father, for whoſe Son I can't be known.
Tyrh.] Why ſhould I for my Son his Murderer own?
His death, alas! Heaven knows to be as true,
As that he did receive that death from you.
I, Sir, a witneſs was, you know it well,
When ſtab'd by you into theſe arms he fell:

His bubling blood upon his Father flew.
But, Madam, hear a proof of's love to you.
Grieving to loose a Son so dear, I su'd
That but one spark of life might be renew'd;
But I in vain unto the Fates had pray'd,
Till naming you, his wandring Spirits stay'd.
And though his eyes, clos'd for eternal night,
Did seem to take their last adieu of light;
Yet at the sound of that adored name,
Love broke deaths vail, and opened them again.
His blood and life, already slipt away,
Return'd, and to his flame the Fates gave way:
And now afresh for you his spirit burn'd,
And 'twas for you if his own death he mourn'd.
Until the King, at these last gasps incens'd,
With all the laws of Piety dispens'd,
And 'mongst the waves his panting body threw.
--Ah Princess! pardon tears that are so due.
I can no more-- my heart with grief oppress,
Only with sighs and sobs must tell the rest.
My mov'd blood passage to my voice denies,
But silencing my tongue, speaks by my eyes.

Lav.] Vouchsafe thou then, dear shade, to let me bear
In this thy Fathers grief a Lovers share:
And if thou in those shady walks approve
Of these last tributes both of blood and love,
Pardon, dear Ghost, those troubles which my mind
Did in th' addresses of thy Murderer find.
Those sweet transports, those thoughts I did conceive,
When likeness made me him for thee receive.
For now that from thy Fathers mouth I know
To whom my love, to whom my hate I owe;
My reviv'd rage such vengeance shall create,
My errour and thy blood to expiate,
That hellish Furies shall amazed stand.
For not the Gods alone shall lend their hand,

But

But that my hatred may more full appear---- { *Looking on*
Alas! but, Sir, if ſtill your Son he were. { Agrippa.

Tyrh.] Diſclaim that Errour which would you betray.

Agrip.] Ah, Madam! rather hear what Love would ſay.
Why ſhould the faith of ſuch a Witneſs be
Suſpected only when he ſpeaks for me?
Whilſt yet his voice finds favour in your heart.

Tyrh.] Doubt ſtill a Witneſs that has ſo much art.

Agrip.] Will you ſuch cruel Maximes then purſue,
And not believe?

Lav.] Alas! what ſhall I do?

Tyrh.] Why can you yet be doubtful in your choice,
When you have heard ſo much from Nature's voice?
Cannot my troubled Soul your Sences touch?
Have I too little ſaid?

Lav.] Y'ave ſaid too much:
Your paſſion do's too certainly deprive
Me of that ſweetneſs hope and doubt would give.
Your Son's too ſurely dead, in vain I raiſe
Theſe flattring doubts againſt what Nature ſays.
Yet are theſe doubts ſo ſweet, my Love would try,
And, if it durſt, to Nature give the ly.

Tyrh.] Whate're the King ſays, be you well aſſur'd.

Lav.] Alas! his preſence cannot be endur'd; { *Looking on*
It ſo reſembles that which charm'd my Soul, { Agrippa.
It do's my anger and my hate controul.
And though this you on my belief have won,
That he is an Impoſtor, not your Son;
Yet when I caſt my eyes on his, and there
The Charms of my *Agrippa* do appear,
Spite of my ſelf, you, and his treacherous wrong,
That aſpect is for all belief too ſtrong.

Tyrh.] Fly then: and if your reaſon be too weak---

Agrip.] Ah, Madam! ſtay, and do but hear me ſpeak.

Lav.] Whoe're thou art, 'tis cruel thus to ſtrive
To all my ſorrows a vincreaſe to give.

Agrip.]

Agrip.] Will you not hear me then?

Lav.] I dare not ſtay,
Leſt to my eyes my heart ſhould yield the day.

Agrip.] I will not leave you till I make you know.

SCENE IV.

Tyrhenus, Agrippa.

Tyrh.] Stay, and remember the reſpect you owe.
If you're my Son, your duty pay to me.

Agrip.] And yet you will not, Sir, my Father be.

Tyrh.] There too much danger did in it appear:
Not to be ſo, was to be Father here;
And ſince kind heavens took the care that none
Can Witneſs your diſguiſe but me alone,
The Obligation they have on us laid
Is, that we be not by our ſelves betray'd.
'Tis then much better I my Son diſown,
Than knowing him, hazard his Life and Throne.
And I would wiſh (to baniſh all our fear)
That as to all, chang'd to your ſelf you were.
Then for a Crown ſo fearleſly enjoy'd,
My heart could leap, and its device applaud.
Think where your weakneſs did us now reduce,
You to the Princeſs ſhould more caution uſe,
And not your life to ſo much hazard throw.
You promis'd it.----

Agrip.] In vain you tell me ſo.
Who can the paſſion of his Soul conceal,
When th' object lov'd do's mutual love reveal?
Flattring my ſelf, I thought I could abide,
That ſhe her love under her hate ſhould hide.

But

But I in that miſtaken hate did find
Charms yet conceal'd from the experienc'd mind;
There I that ſweetneſs found ſo rare and new,
To be aſſur'd of love from one ſo true;
So true, that death cannot her heart remove,
But to the grave ſhe do's extend her love.

Tyrh.] This was a bliſs that might your thoughts content.

Agrip.] Whilſt ſhe enjoy'd no ſhare, 'twas puniſhment.
For when a beauteous object charms a heart,
Can that be bliſs in which it bears no part?
Could I behold my Princeſs troubled mind,
And in her ſufferings contentment find?
This were to brand my love with crueltie.
No; Lovers joys muſt ever mutual be.

Tyrh.] I cannot but lament ſo fair a flame,
Yet for ſome time you muſt conſtrain the ſame:
For both your ſafety and my own require
That you ſhould put a check to your deſire.
Mezentius is conſpiring to deprive
You of your Crown, the Princeſs, and your life.
To make then this conſtraint the eaſier ſeem,
By it your Crown, Miſtriſs, and life redeem.
With him are joyn'd *Serranus*, *Corineus*,
Volcens, *Antenor*, and young *Hioneus*;
All diſcontents, among the people lov'd,
By ſeveral motives to your wine mov'd.
Thanks to the credit my feign'd grief has got,
Mezentius makes me Maſter of the plot:
He without doubt will ſpeak to you for me,
Diſpute not, but to his requeſt agree.
I for ſix days have the deſign deferr'd,
In which let all diſcences be prepar'd;
To the Conſpirators give ſuch employs
May ſend them hence with honour and no noiſe.

Fe'gn

Feign ſome advice to make the Army ſtay,
And make them ſure by giving them their pay;
But treat *Mezentius* with a high reſpect,
That your eſteem may baniſh his ſuſpect:
At laſt let him with ſilence be confin'd,
And in ſome ſtrong place---- what diſturbs your mind?

Agrip.] This practice, Sir, a kind of trouble brings.

Tyrh.] Trouble ſhould be below the thoughts of Kings.
It is your death *Mezentius* do's deſign;
Though he miſtakes, it leſſens not his crime.
For if we judge by what he underſtands,
In ſacred blood he would imbrue his hands.
The heavens do you his puniſher ordain,
And think it fit you in his ſtead ſhould reign:
Let no vain ſcruples then your Soul affright,
Dive not into their ſecrets nor your right.
If ſeated in this high degree you find
Some doubtful crimes perplex your troubled mind,
Sit ſteddie in the Throne, and do not fear
But that the beſt of Advocates is there.
Howe're we come to mount to this high place,
The riſe is juſt, to fall is the diſgrace.
No King is faulty but by baſe diſcent;
Who always reigns, is always innocent.
Reign then,--- ah Son!--- did you but underſtand
The glorious State to be above Command.

Agrip.] Ah Sir! did you but know the ſweets of love.

Tyrh.] I hear the ſteps of ſome that this way move.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Tyrhenus, *Agrippa*, *Lauſus*, *Atis*, Train.

Tyrh.] Well Sir--- with all my blood content your hate.

Lauſus to *Agrippa*.

All's ready in the Temple, the Prieſts wait
Only your Highneſs preſence.

Agrippa to *Atis*.

Go then ſee
Your Priſoner back, and in ſafe cuſtody.

Tyrh.] Out Barb'rous Tyrant! ——

Atis.] Oh Sir! don't you fear,

Leſt he ſhould theſe reproaches over-hear.

Tyrh.] Fear cannot gain a place within that breſt
That is intirely by deſpair poſſeſt.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.

Fauſtus, Lavinia, Camilla.

Fauſt.] What terrour, Madam, do's your heart ſurprize
Juſt in the height of all our enterprize!
The Prince do's with amazement underſtand
He's ſummon'd here by your expreſs command.
Lav.] *Fauſtus*, I ſent for him, and 'twas to pray
That he would yet the fatal ſtroke delay.
I have weigh'd all the dangers that attend
On raſh attempts, and therefore now did ſend
To ſcape the hazard in this haſt appears.
Fauſt.] Madam, the Prince was doubtful of your fears:
But being in the Temple with the King,
By his command I this aſſurance bring,
That to advance, and make your vengeance ſweet,
The Heavens with your intentions ſeem to meet.
Never had great deſign a nobler face:
The Prince has brought his followers to the place;
With them *Tyrhenus* partizans are join'd,
And all thoſe friends in your revenge combin'd,
Who with an eagerneſs of zeal aſpire
By th' Tyrant's death t' accompliſh your deſire.
Nor can he 'gainſt their force find a ſupport:
'Tis true, we both the Army and the Fort
Might juſtly fear; but *Tiberinus* dead,
Mezentius is of both thoſe powers the head:

The

The Citizens are to our party ſure,
Which do's confirm our enterprize ſecure:
For e're the Camp or Fort advice can gain,
The Tyrant overpower'd will be ſlain;
And he once gone, the Prince aſſumes the ſway,
Whoſe right the Chieftains trembling will obey.
All ſmiles on us; and when the King has done,
Our bloodyer Sacrifice will be begun.
The ſtreets along are with our forces lin'd;
But at *Tyrhenus* Palace 'tis deſign'd
To give the blow, that all may know he falls
A Victim to *Agrippa*'s Funerals.
Who e're obſerve the freedom which he ſhows,
Would ſay he gives himſelf up to our blows:
Such high reſpect he ſhows the Prince, that he
No ſooner aſkt *Tyrhenus* liberty,
But with a gracious ſmile the King reply'd,
What he requeſted could not be deny'd.

Lav.] *Tyrhenus* being free, we better may
Till we conſult him the Aſſault delay.
All things affright me now, and I can find
Nothing but death in my preſaging mind----
----Ah! if to ſatisfie my cruel rage----
Go--- let the Prince's love his ſtay engage.
Make haſt---

Fauſt.] Madam, at your command I go;
But fear the greateſt haſt will be too ſlow:
All's ready now--- and at the Temple-gate
The Miniſters of your revenge do wait,
That death ſo juſtly merited to give.

Lav.] Run yet, and for ſome time his life reprieve.

Cam.] What ſtrange diſorder in your mind appears?
Whence come theſe troubled interrupted fears?
What can we think of them? unleſs the King
By ſome ſweet charm---

Lav.] You may think any thing.

But go, and to your thoughts that trouble ſave :
I with *Tyrhenus* muſt ſome conference have.

SCENE II.

Lavinia, Tyrhenus.

Lav. Come, Sir, and if you can, diſperſe that cloud
Of grief and anguiſh do's my ſences ſhroud :
A ſecret voice within my breaſt I find,
That ſtrives to ſtifle my vindictive mind.
My heart at once raging and calm appears,
And all my thoughts are become Mutineers.
When firſt 'twas told me that the King did love,
Hate and diſdain in every vein did move ;
And thus I arm'd my ſelf--- reſolv'd to be [*Shews a Dagger.*
Miſtriſs of his or my own deſtiny.
But at his ſight, an over-powring charm
Suppreſs'd my rage, and did withhold my arm :
That very object did my hate controul,
And all my rage flew trembling from my ſoul.
My heart reſpected in that Tyrants face
Thoſe features did my lov'd *Agrippa* grace :
A Fathers grief had ſurely elſe prevail'd,
And check'd that tenderneſs my breſt aſſail'd.
But all that you could act or urge, in ſpite
Of reaſon, vaniſh'd at that charming ſight.
Now let his abſence that advantage give,
If he be not your Son, my hate revive :
And if he has no intereſt in you,
Reſtore that anger to his crime is due.
For ſo his preſence did affect my mind,
Your words were blown away with their own wind.

Tyrh.]

Tyrh.] Madam, I all this trouble did foreſee;
Therefore no ſooner gain'd I liberty,
But fearleſs of the Tyrants threats, I came
To diſabuſe, and rid you of this pain.
Who ſees what ſorrow on my ſoul has don,
Cannot miſdoubt the murder of my Son:
Such piercing anguiſh cannot be conſtrain'd,
Nor ſuch o'repreſſing grief be only feign'd.
Contented Nature, did he live and reign,
Could not from the diſcovery refrain.
For blood, like love, will thoſe tranſports obey,
Which through all checks muſt ſometime force their way.
But to convince you there do's yet remain
An Argument than this more ſure and plain,
That ardour wherewith I his death purſue,
Which before him I durſt not urge to you,
Mezentius may a witneſs be, who knows
How I did the Conſpirators diſpoſe;
Their breſts with hate and emnity inſpire,
And made their thoughts take fuel from my fire.
Your ſelf can tell what ways I did invent
To gain the heart of every diſcontent;
Joyn'd in their plots; made my ſelf chief of all,
And offer'd vows he by this hand might fall.
And can you, Madam, when all this is done,
Fondly ſurmiſe that he is ſtill my Son,
He whom I have deſign'd a ſacrifice?

Lav.] No, Sir, this to my quiet do's ſuffice.
T' aſſwage my paſſion, and releaſe my pain,
With joy I this aſſurance entertain;
And from my Soul, and from my ſence I drive
Whate're to it can oppoſition give.
My heart no more ſhall liſten to deceit,
No more ſhall love its flatt'ring charms repeat:
For in a Fathers word leſs cauſe I find
Of fear or doubt, than in my Love that's blind.

Natures

Natures conſent do's ſo my thoughts confirm,
The Tyrant ſeems to live too long a term:
And 'twould my higheſt ſatisfaction be,
To take his life, has taken all from me;
That bloody barbarous aſſaſſinate.

Tyrh.] Would to God, Madam, 'twere thought fit by fate
Propitious to a Fathers vows, that now
We were prepared to have 'gin the blow:
I by ſuch active ſpeed allay ſhould find
To all thoſe torments that afflict my mind.
But haſte in ſuch deſigns too dangerous were.
The Fort's well guarded, and the Army near.
We yet muſt languiſh, we muſt yet delay.

Lav.] Be comforted, I have made this the day.

Tyrh.] How! without farther thoughts?

Lav.] In fear for you,
I did command they ſhould the plot purſue.
And you unto this happy day will owe
All thoſe delights that vengeance can beſtow.

Tyrh.] Let's yet the danger of this haſte prevent.

Lav.] In vain to ſtay it, I already ſent.

SCENE III.

Fauſtus, Lavinia, Tyrhenus.

Lavinia to *Fauſtus.*

Did you in time unto the Prince arrive?

Fauſt.] To your commands I did obedience give:
But, Madam, you are ſo oblig'd to Fate,
That 'twas my happineſs to come too late.

Tyrh.]

Tyrh.] Ye Gods! what do I hear----
—*Lav.*] Oh noble deed!
Relate each circumſtance.——
——*Fauſt.*] There was no need
I ſhou'd to th' Temple go; that ſacred ground
They had already quitted: and I found
The Tyrant nigh unto the fatal place
Which for th' aſſault before deſigned was,
Charg'd by the Prince, hopeleſs, and out of breath;
But though deſpairing, yet outfacing death:
Till coming to *Tyrhenus* Palace near,
Spite of our force he threw himſelf in there,
And whilſt we by his ſmall but valiant train
Were ſtopt, till o're their Corps we made a lane,
Fearful what dangers popular rage might bring,
The gates were ſtrongly barr'd upon the King,
And he alone-----
Tyrh.] How!---ſcap'd?
-----*Fauſt.*] We all like you,
At that ſad inſtant pale and fearful grew,
Doubtful both of the Army and the Fort:
But ſpeed we knew muſt be our ſole ſupport;
And therefore forcing now our entrance were,
When on the top *Albina* did appear.
Her countenance did ſome affright betray,
But with her hand ſhe ſeem'd to bid us ſtay.
We ſoon did to her kind requeſt agree,
Reſpectful of her Sex and her degree;
While to *Mezentius* ſhe made this addreſs:
I hope this great revenge won't ſeem the leſs;
Nor can I think the Princeſs judge it ſo,
'Cauſe ſhe a part of it to me do's owe.
Her generous temper rather will approve
Nature ſhould have a ſhare as well as Love.
Whilſt here the King thought to prevent his fate,
He only did his fall precipitate:

For

For by my orders he receiv'd his doom,
And to my brothers Ghoſt is now become
A ſacrifice. 'Tis done--- and he no more.
Tyrh.] Oh Gods!----
----*Fauſt.*] At this an univerſal roar
Of ſtrangely-mixed and tumultuous cryes
Did with loud Eccho's pierce the yielding Skyes.
All do admire *Albina*, and the Prince
Stay's but to bring the Tyrants head from thence:
You aſk't it of him, and he thinks it meet
That he alone ſhould lay it at your feet.
Mean while he thought convenient to employ
Me to prepare your heart for ſo much joy.
Lav.] So--- now thoſe Gods to whom ſo oft addreſt
Our vows have been, have granted our requeſt.
This day revenges all our former harms,
And in the Tyrants blood we taſte thoſe charms.----
----But what ſtrange trouble do's your looks invade?
Where rather grief then joy do's ſit diſplay'd.
Tyrh.] Alas, my fainting ſpirits are quite gon.
Lav.] For the Kings death?
----*Tyrh.*] No, Madam--- twas my Son.
Lav.] Your Son, Sir?----
----*Tyrh.*] Yes, too ſure I find it here:
The cryes of blood make it too well appear.
Nature forbids more fictions to create;
She ſpeaks her ſelf.
Lav.] Why do's ſhe ſpeak ſo late?
Is it then true I've loſt the thing I love,
And muſt my ſelf th' unhappy agent prove?
Crimes which I would purſue, become my guilt;
And blood I would revenge, my ſelf have ſpilt.
So oft I urg'd, ſo oft his death implor'd,
Till heav'n did with my ardent vows accord,
Until the wearied Gods in anger ſent
My own deſires, for my own puniſhment.

Ah:

Ah! how are their denyals uſefull oft!
And they too cruel when they are too ſoft!
Their deareſt intereſt mortals thus inſnare,
By tiring Heaven with too tedious prayer.
But if my Lover thus hath murdered bin, [*To* Tyrhenus.
To you alone I muſt impute the ſin:
'Twas his impoſed name did me deceive;
Loving him dead, I hated him alive,
And did that life ſo dearly lov'd purſue:
But treacherous Father, all proceeds from you.
Of all theſe wrongs you me an Agent made,
And on the faith of blood was love betray'd.
By your aſſurance I thus blind became;
You poiſoned all the ardour of my flame,
And cruelly, for an unknown deſign,
Turn'd pureſt love into a baneful crime.
What have you, wretched Polititian, won
By this ambition has deſtroy'd your Son?
Did not my love to him my Soul command,
I'd carve on you my vengeance with this hand.
But, cruel man, go render the thanks due
To your Sons blood, which I reſpect in you.
Tyrh.] When thus a Father has deſtroy'd his Son,
He has enough affliction of his own,
And needs not your reproach--- *Agrippa* ſlain!
There wants no torment to increaſe my pain.
Alas! poor Son; whate're I did contrive
With hopes to ſave, is turn'd againſt thy life;
And my paternal love by zeal betray'd,
Is of thy murder the Abettor made,
Forcing thy Siſter and thy Love to be
Partners at once in the ſame crime with me.
But be it fault or fortune, thou art gon; { *Offers to kill himſelf.* *Lavinia ſtops him.*
It only reſts, I follow thee my Son.
Lav.] Stay, let us yet this ſatisfaction have,
To draw *Mezentius* with us to the grave.

He will deſerve his fate, for having bin
The inſtrument of my miſtaken Sin.

Tyrh.] Since cruel Fate ſpar'd not my hapleſs boy,
I wiſh I could with him the world deſtroy.
'Bove all, my daughter may my anger fear.

SCENE IV.

Albina, Tyrhenus, Lavinia, Camilla, Julia.

Tyrh.] Unhappy wretch! how dar'ſt thou here appear?

Alb.] I come to throw my ſelf, Sir, at your feet,
To beg your anger and your fury meet.
Remorſe of Conſcience will not let me fly.

Tyrh.] Know'ſt thou th' effects then of thy cruelty,
How that by thee we are all wretched made?

Lav.] Know'ſt thou that thou a brother haſt betray'd?

Alb.] Brother and duty both I know have bin
Betray'd by th' too great fondneſs of my ſin,
His conquering Murderer.--- but he comes here.

Tyrh.] Againſt him let us all our fury bear.

SCENE V.

Agrippa, Tyrhenus, Lavinia, Albinia, Camilla, Julia, Train.

Agrip.] I ſmall advantage ſhall by conqueſt gain,
If you, Sir, and the Princeſs ſtill remain
My enemies.----

----*Tyrh.*]

----*Tyrh.*] Do's my *Agrippa* live?
From what bleſt deity do we receive
This happy grace?----
----*Lav.*] What God can be ſo good
As to reſtore my love?
Agrip.] Inſtinct of blood
The Guardian-Angel was that did inſpire
My Siſters breſt, and blew loves ſecret fire.
Alb.] Are you my brother then, Sir?---
Tyrh.] Yes, bleſt Child;
And whilſt thou thought thou wer't by love beguil'd,
Thou art by that which thou a crime doſt call,
Become the inſtrument to ſave us all.
Lav.] But yet I cannot baniſh all my fear,
Until I do the whole relation hear.
His double death has ſuch impreſſions made,
That ſtill I do believe my Love a ſhade.
Tyrh.] He will himſelf that ſatisfaction give,
Which may your hopes from their dark cell reprieve.

Agrippa to *Lavinia.*

Since 'twas your orders arm'd the Princeſs hand,
And the aſſault was made by your command,
I with ſome trouble, Madam, did diſpoſe
My ſelf at firſt thoſe orders to oppoſe.
Even in theſe broils of death my heart did ſtill
Prompt me to a ſubmiſſion to your will.
But when I thought upon your love, and knew
That 'twas miſtake made you my life purſue,
Reſpect to you determin'd ſoon the ſtrife,
And for my love I ſought to ſave my life.
And being to my Fathers Palace near,
I for a refuge caſt my ſelf in there;
When fearing dangers that on Tumults wait,
To ſtop the flood the ſervants ſhut the gate,

And made me theirs. My Sister who in me
Believ'd she did her faithless lover see,
Advanc'd, as first I thought, in rage. to do
Whate're her errour might incline her to.
But Love appearing, spite of her mistake,
Did sleeping Nature in my favour wake:
She thought 'twas Love, but Nature did not shame
To act for me, under Loves better name:
And after having a short Combat try'd,
Blushing, and with a trembling voice she cry'd,
Go faithless man, go save thy [illegible], and be
Only so kind to own this [illegible] me.

Tyrh.] Blest be thy [illegible] Child, whether it did
move
By the impulse of N[illegible]

Agrip.] Wit[illegible] words obey,
And through the [illegible] made way,
Where without [illegible] I arriv'd,
And quick assist[illegible] from the Guards receiv'd.
To these the Army their choice Colours led;
And now with numbers strengthned, I made head,
Where the Conspirators still fearless stay'd,
Secur'd by th' promise which *Albina* made.--
Whom my approach did so much terrify,
That having neither power to fight nor fly,
Their Chiefs I seiz'd, and let the others know
They did their lives to my compassion owe.

Luv.] What in this conflict was *Mezentius* Fate?

Agrip.] He, and he only, did prove obstinate.
For having heard how I had 'gin command
None should offend him, but disarm his hand;
Scorning to be where you ordain'd the strife,
Indebted to a Rival for his life,
That of his vow he might acquitted be,
He gave himself those wounds design'd for me.

Princess

Princeſs, I die for you-- was all he ſaid.
I ran to ſtay him, but I found him dead:
Yet in that death expreſs'd ſuch love to you,
In ſpite of joy I almoſt jealous grew.
Lav.] I could lament him, if that grief could find
Poſſeſſing you a place within my mind.

Tyrhenus *preſenting the Crown to* Lavinia.

Tyrh.] This by *Mezentius* death becomes your due.
Lav.] That I have right to it, I know 'tis true:
But all to it or to my right I owe,
Is, that 'tis in my power to beſtow.
Thus then let all the world my faith approve,
And ſee your Son crown'd here by Me and Love.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE

To the Lord Lieutenant.

Our Poet was e'n going the old way,
And had contriv'd how to excuse the Play,
Though well he knew the Critick's were so keen
That a submission would but whet their spleen.
But in the Action, Sir, he chanc'd to spy
Something of smile and favour in your eye.
This chang'd him quite, and in a rage he tore
That Epilogue which he had wrote before:
Bidding me only say, he would not woo
Others to like what had not displeas'd you.

FINIS.

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